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TO A BUNCH OF ROSES.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Sweet flowers, whilst ye repose
The fragrance of the spring time rich and rare,
Go, bear their errand to young Julia's heart,
Which only reigns there.

Go, tell her, lovely flowers,
That in my cold bosom all your charms glow,
A light, a radiance in my waking hours,
A glory in my dreams.

Say, though my love is hers,
To me it is a blessing to be loved;
Assure her that my morning, noon and even
Is wasted, her own wish, alone.

Tell her it wars your bliss
Upon her gentle bosom to repose,
And she perhaps may give you the kind kiss—
Oh, that I were a rose.

BLANCHE BERTRAND;

OR,

PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RENDEZVOUS AND HIS CAPTIVE.

When Eugene was enabled for the second time to get a distinct view of the interior of the lodge, he beheld Ralph Hawley standing by the table, with his eyes fixed upon Blanche, who, in a sitting posture, was unfastening and drawing the cords more; while the other females, as was characteristic with the Indian women, were, to all appearance, mere passive spectators—though who shall say that suppressed feelings of grief, anger, and jealousy were not seething and boiling in the breast of one per chance of the interpreter between her husband and stood! for the younger was, after the manner of the Indians, ever more than ordinarily reticent.

For a short time not a word was spoken on either side—during which the two principal parties kept their eyes steadily fixed upon each other—the renegade with a lowering, brutal look, and Blanche with an expression of mild, haughty disdain.

"Well," said Ralph at length, "I'm here again, you see !"

"I see !" replied Blanche, coldly.

"And I hope the sight's agreeable ?"

"To your wife it may be."

"And aren't you my wife ?"

"I?" exclaimed Blanche, with withering scorn: "*your wife?* If I were, there would be a short life for one of us!"

"Ho! ho! my pretty dear!" laughed the renegade—a scornful, malignant laugh—"you threaten, do ye ?"

I speak plain words, with a clear and obvious meaning!"

"And what 'ud you do, now, s'posing you war my wife?"

"What would I do if I had wings and feathers? Pray take a supposable case, if you want to question me concerning my future deeds!"

"I don't exactly understand you?" said Hawley, with a savage growl.

"I know you do not, or you would not waste so much of your precious time in trying to convince me you do!" rejoined Blanche.

Hawley rigged out a wicked oath, and added :

"Fetch the thing down to a plain, gal! and not talk riddles all night, like a fool! What do you mean ? Put it in square English !"

"In plain English, then, I am not your wife, and never will be! and you waste your time in trying to convince me you have the power to make me so! or the power to bend me to your will one single degree beyond what suits my own free pleasure!"

"That's brave talk, my beauty! but just recollect I hain't tried you yet in the rough ways we hahve to fetch obstropolous women to the quiet plan! So for you've had what I call rayther extra good usage, considering; and if you keep on raising the devil in you, you'll find what it ar to have a fee in him as mought a born your friend, like!"

"Friend!" exclaimed Blanche, with indignant scorn; "you a friend !—and a friend, indeed, as the wolf is to the lamb !"

"Well," returned Ralph, with a grim smile, "you're no lamb !"

"I should rejoice the compliment, by saying you are no *wolf*!" was the sharp and cutting rejoinder. "Talk not of being a friend to me, who care of crime and blood is a sacred and holy term, expressive of a high and noble nature—a nature that does not enter into the composition of a fiend! You speak of my having received what you consider good treatment! You know the assertion is an unmitigated falsehood! What did I ever receive good usage at your hands? or the hands of the barbarians around you? Was it when I was being driven like a dumb beast through more than a hundred miles of forest, much of the time loaded with an oppressive burden, half-starved through the day, and so painfully bound at night that often sleep was banished from my weary frame? Or was it when I came to this village of howling demons, and found myself insulted in the grossest manner, and baffled about by women and children, while the men looked on and laughed at the sport?"

"But you knew I wasn't along then, as I'd had to go another way," returned Hawley, apologetically; "and so I can't be blamed for that as I didn't know about it till afterwards. If I'd a been here, I'd a *soot* that they didn't heat you, pull your hair, tear your clothes, and them things."

"And how much help have you been to me since your arrival?" continued Blanche, regardless of the former remark, and not appearing to have heard it. "Have you not left me to the mercy of these brutal savages? and I'll not say more, since my memory of the world put together—white, red, and black included."

"Then," said Blanche, in a somewhat milder tone—and a little surprised that her bitter reproaches, sarcastic allusions, and antagonistic course generally, should have produced a favorable impression upon so hardened a reprobate—"if you wish my good opinion, Ralph Hawley, why do you not seek to deserve it?"

"What 'ud you have me do?"

"Quit your vile, criminal ways—repent of your wicked deeds—return to your own race—and endeavor, for the rest of your days, to live an honest life !"

"And would you *then*" said that life with me if I did ?"

"No! but, so far as your repentance went, it would respect you. Then see from those accursed savages, and hasten on to my father, and I will forgive all the past connected with myself, and pledge myself that he and my friends generally will do the same !"

"And what good 'ud that do me, arter I'd got you my wife? You'd only become the wife of some body else ; and I'd have to go sneaking about, like a whipped cur, with everybody knowing my disgrace, and pointing the finger of scorn at me, like they done afore !"

"But your conscience would tell you that you had done right!" said Blanche; "and that might afford you some degree of peace, while your present course can never permit you to have it !"

"Conscience be——" growled Hawley. "Conscience don't trouble one: leastways, not never did ; I'm silent done what looked right to me ; and if I've got anything to regret, it's on account of my not having killed that feller in the first place Wrigley scoundrels. But we'll have a few more on 'em soon, or I don't know nothing about Injun warpaint and cunning."

"Then I'll have to make you, that's all ; and if a few months at planting and hoeing corn, dragging wood and water, cooking and general drudgery, don't fetch you to the yielding pint, I'll just turn you over to the fust Injun that wants you !"

"As well be his wife as yours!" said Blanche. "Nay, is not the difference, if there be any at all, in his favor?—for he is a savage by nature, and you by degradation. He lives up to the light he has, and is respected by his race ; while you sink from a great height to the level, and disgrace the land that gave you birth !"

For a few moments after hearing these words, the features of Hawley wore a perfectly diabolical expression ; while his fingers worked convulsively, and his body appeared now and then spasmodically. Then taking a step forward, he half raised his arm, as if to strike down the unflinching girl who had so fearlessly roused his anger by telling him some unpalatable truths. Blanche, however, moved not, but kept her eyes unpainfully upon him, and scanned, by her proud, defiant look, to dare him to further disgrace himself in her unmanly ford.

But the blow, which the excited Eugene expected to see fall—and which, whatever the consequences, would have been the death-signal of the white monster—was not given. Ralph Hawley took only one step forward, and then seemed to grow irresolute. Then the partially-raised hand slowly returned to his side, and the dreadful expression of his features gradually modified, and disappeared, and was supplanted by one of so much admiration as was in the nature of the man.

"I can't do it!" he said at length, still keeping his black eyes fastened upon the blue eyes of Blanche, and drawing in his breath with something like a sigh ; "I can't do it, by——! I don't know how it is', Blanche Bertrand, but there's something about you that causes over me mighty strong influence, and makes me afeard to do what I'd otherwise do, or say! and I'll just say no more at present, for I see the whole crowd coming, when I've got a few words to say to 'em, that'll make their eyes stick out like a bullfrog's!"

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THE RENDEZVOUS AND THE RENEGADE.

"Yes!" said Hawley, taking his eyes from Blanche for the first time, since entering the lodge, glancing about the dwelling, and deliberately seating himself on the table near the lamp ; on that, by partly turning his head away, and looking down on the ground, he could glance fearlessly at his captive ; "yes, I war gwine to tell you something about him. You see, he *did* escape !"

"Entirely!" repeated Blanche, calmly, suppressing her feelings by a great effort.

"Yes, entirely!" said the renegade.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Blanche. "I thank you for at least so much good news!"

"But he war tuk again!" pursued Hawley, with a grim smile, glancing furtively at his fair prisoner.

"Ha! taken? do you tell me he was again taken?" cried Blanche, quickly, again thrown off her guard by the more force of her feelings. "Why! where! where is he now? what have they done with him? what are they going to do with him?"

Hawley uttered a wicked oath, as he turned fiercely upon my heroine, and hoarsely rejoined :

"Don't try to blind me, gal! don't try to blind me! If you don't love that whey-faced scoundrel, then there's no heaven !"

Blanche smiled—actually smiled—a forced smile, it is true, but certainly a natural one—for so excited by her powerful will control her external appearance, even while the most keen and agonizing emotions were rending her very soul.

"And if there is a Heaven," she said, "I do not think you believe it—much less that you will ever get there, unless you mend your ways! Love !" she pursued : "love! Pshaw! Are you a sentimental youth, that you can talk of nothing but love? If I express an interest in a friend, I must of course be in love with him!—if I hear that he is captured by savages—is already killed or likely to be—the natural interest of sympathy supposed to result from love solely! I really wish, Ralph Hawley, that you will come at the straight here, once your whole household, and insist upon my talking to you, that you would at least talk good sense, and act as nearly like a rational being as lies in your power !"

"Well, you're a——— pumkin!" rejoined the renegade ; "and anybody as knows what to make o' you, has got to be smarter than me !"

"That is a very sensible remark!" returned Blanche, with a forced smile upon a very sensible occasion ; and now, having arrived at that important point, suppose you condescend to tell me what you act so cruel to tell me about my friend?"

"Well, they didn't catch him."

"I hardly supposed they would, though I had my fears. But still you say he was taken ?"

"Yes, you see, the thundering——"

"Stop !" interrupted Blanche : "you forget that the ladies present are speaking of a gentleman, and my friend ! If you have no respect for him, I trust you will have a little for me !"

Hawley ripped out some half-a-dozen oaths in quick succession ; and swore, among other things, that he was never so confoundedly bewitched by no woman on 'arth." Then resorting to his tobacco, he busily commenced his mouth with the weed, and proceeded :

"Well—Mate Fairfax——— Does that fine suit you better ?"

"That will do much better !" said Blanche.

"Well, then, Mate Fairfax, arter he left us, run plump into another camp, what he stole a rifle, and mought have got off, if he hadn't woke up the sleeping Injuns. In fact, he did get off at it ear ; but war tuk again the same day ; and our two warriors following arter, overtook the party at night. They demanded him and the nigger——— Spose it don't hurt your feelings more nor calling your servant a nigger, does it?"

"No—go on—never mind that!" answered Blanche. "That is as near to polite language, probably, as your education will permit you to get!"

"Well, then, they demanded him and the nigger," pursued Hawley ; "and after a short talk, this second party gits 'em up. Then one of our Injuns went up to the——Mate Fairfax—and, just by way of 'forming him a leason, knocked him down!"

"Well?" said Blanche ; "what then?"

"Then he jumped up—for the feller hadn't brained him—I mean the Injuns this time,—spose that's no unexpect to you?"

"No!" replied Blanche ; "you may call *them* as many hard names as you like!"

"Well, I say, he jumped up, and sprung upon the Injun, McBride, catched him by the throat, drawed his knife, plunged it into his body, snatched away his rifle, and started to run."

"Well?" almost gasped Blanche.

"Then the others all started up and let him have a volley."

"And killed him?" cried Blanche, scarcely suppressing a shriek, in spite of her previous resolution not to appear too much excited.

"That there's what I don't know," answered Hawley ; "for nowgit have killed him, and then agin they moughtn't ; but just then a party of crossed Kentuckians came up, and poured in a volley upon the Injuns, all tuk for enemies like ; and rushing on to us, afore they had any chance to defend themselves, the whites fought each other two."

"Well, and what of them?" inquired Blanche.

"Which? de Injuns or the whites?"

"Both!"

"The Injuns got away to the village what they belonged ; and a runner came over here to tell us about it, and we went over to help 'em, and treat for the parties hunting for these Kentuckians ; but they'd scooted off, and couldn't be found. Then the chiefs an gi-getters of the tribe, and some of the young, you'll see how well we're off, they'll have some fine roasting done then, or I'm a liar!"

"You think they escaped?" said Blanche, with a faint smile.

"I'll bet my life on't!"

"And why did you not go with one of those parties?"

"That's my business!" growled Ralph. "But if you feel proud o' me, it 'ill do you some good to know that I was the one what discovered the whole affa'r; and you'll see to-morrow, or next day at farthest, that I'm no fool at the business!"

At this moment Eugene's head kept his eye to the aperture, and became so intensely interested and excited by all he was seeing and hearing, as to forget where he was and the dangers which surrounded him—felt a hand tightly clutch his shoulder. He started suddenly, and in doing so, his rifle struck with a clink against one of the posts of the door. The noise, slight as it was, not scarcely heard above the driving storm, being unusual, instantly aroused the attention of the whole surrounding lunatics ; and with an exclamation of surprise, the renegade at once sprung from the table and started for the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONSULTING AND PLANNING.

"Eternal daredevil as you, Cap'n!" but you're easy shocked!" the words whispered, words that greeted the ear of the startled Eugene, as grasping his rifle, and preparing to spring upon the usher, he turned to confront a friend or an enemy. "Hold, Cap'n! hold! it's me!" continued the whispering, in a quick, eager whisper also. "Buck! buck! quick! quick! for the love o' mercy!" A dumbfoun approaching the door! and if the light once shines upon us we are lost! Hist! hist! there he comes!"

As Eugene spoke, the heavy robe which hung at the door was lifted from the outside, and the short, square figure of Ralph Hawley stood clearly revealed to the eyes of two of his most deadly enemies. Our friends had retreated some twenty or thirty feet, and this discovery, unexpectedly presented them from the eyes of the renegade, left him clearly exposed to their view, because of his position, and the light which fell upon him from the ground of the interior of his dwelling.

Ralph Hawley, upon a very sensible calculation ; and now, having arrived at that important point, supposes you condescend to tell me what you act so cruel to tell me about my friend?"

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"Yes, she is in that lodge, with two squaws and the renegade for her guard. How are we most fed some way to save her? Back! back! further back! or we may be discovered?" he quickly added, as at the moment he perceived the crouching form of Ned, and soon to peer into the darkness around him after he'd know what ailed him."

"Do be quiet, Seth! and give up such an insane idea, for Heaven's sake!" replied Eugene, hurriedly. "Why, if you were even to kill him, mo, without drawing from him a single cry of alarm, which I consider next to impossible, you would not get my purpose in the least. For there are two others within who could not be so readily gagged or—to my nothing of his body being discovered by some chance party reaching the spot. Then, to which case nothing short of a miracle could save us!"

"Well, well, Cap'n, to please you I'll keep decile," rejoined Seth: "but you'll remember it's a big favor I does on your account; for I want that imp's life worse'n I ever did any I injure to know as ever I owed."

"And perhaps you will may be gradded," was the reply of the other; "but now sit down for a little time for a bold stroke of that kind; we must be prudent, or all is lost!"

Keeping themselves quiet for some two or three minutes, our friends saw the squaw emerge from the dwelling, and close the entrance as before. This was a great relief to Eugene, who seemed to guess that nothing suspicious had been discovered; and he forthwith proceeded, as hastily and quietly as possible, to make his companion acquainted with the most important part of what he had overheard, and then added his advice as to what course it was better he pursued next.

"Well, it's just a powerful ugly look, Cap'n, I'll allow!" replied the boatman. "The gal's disliened—that's my good thing for her!—and a gal never sulks, as' purty much of another, I reckon. And then you tell me the Indians is all niggers in arter us in four big parties! Now that looks bloody—Think, Seth! think! Put all your wits to work! You have brothers grewed yourself equal to any emergency! In Heaven's name, do so in this instance, and your reward shall be great!"

"Well, Cap'n, I'll do my best, and that's all I can promise," was the answer of the latter; "but, as I was a-sayin', I does not see as what's to be done, unless we up and fight it out, and that's at least two days right smart trampin' atween us and the nearest fort I knows of."

"And what fort is that?" inquired Eugene.

"Fort Washington, I 'spects," was the reply.

"Ah! you—on the Ohio river—opposite the mouth of the Licking?"

"That's the place, Cap'n."

"And you say it is a two days' journey thither?"

"Hard core at that, if the Injun's darter's along, with every varmint out of the way; but with the injuns in the way, as we is, why this 'ere 'ill scarce take us to starvity to git thar."

"But if we were mounted on fleet horses, Seth, it might be done in less than one day—in fact, in some eight or less hours—could it not?" inquired Eugene, anxiously.

"Yes! and if we could fly, it mought be done quicker; and I 'spect we could, if we had wings for boxes."

"Not quite! It is possible our friends may be able to report the discovery of some when we meet again."

"Well, that's all verry well, Cap'n; but if we had the hosses all ready, what's the git on?"

"Trust Seth—trust me!" replied Eugene. "But it occurred to me at the moment, that if the distance to Fort Washington is no more than one hour's ride, and we could provide ourselves with a horse for each, we might, should no other means offer, make a bold dash of it, and snatch Blanche from her captors, even at the risk of a general alarm. The night is too dark for pursuit, if once away, and to-morrow night we are safe within the walls of a stronghold! Oh, the thought of success is delicious! By-the-by, have you fallen upon any of the others since our separation?"

"Nary one 'cept you."

"I hope no accident will occur to prevent our meeting as agreed upon?" said Eugene, uneasily.

"It is not a little strange that some signal party have not already found their way here by chance? The night is very dark! Is there not some danger, Seth, of some of the party missing the rendezvous altogether?"

"Nary time, Cap'n. Let old woodsmen alone for working their way back to what they come from, even when it is as dark as they can't do no thing but feel. You and Snowball mought git lost—but nary one of them Injuns."

"Ah! a new idea strikes me, Seth!" said Eugene, suddenly, grasping the arm of the boatman quite strongly.

"Does it hurt you?" queried Harper.

"Can your eternal jaw-bone, Seth! Listen! Suppose the parties in the lodge were to fall asleep?"

"Well, Cap'n, 'spose they was?"

"The couch of Blanche is against the wall, to the right from the door; the bed is constructed of poles, bark and skins: Do you understand?"

"Amazing Cap'n—sound 'em a many a time after I did yarn."

"Oh, no—I mean, do you understand my idea?"

"The feller had struck ya just now, you mean?"

"Pshaw! pshaw!" returned Eugene, impatiently, "will not a little aggravate exertion."

"Oh, yes—I see, now 'tis!" pursued Seth; "you mean as we mought cut the things away next to her?"

"Ay! ay! that is exactly what I mean!" was the quick reply of Eugene; "might it not be done?"

"Sartin, Cap'n—we mought chop up the whole shanty for that time matter, and the gal'd keep docile."

"Well, there are some good points about you," returned the other, a little sharply; "you are keen in the scenting of danger, and have done no good service; but you seem determined to vex and annoy me whenever we now. I am in the humor for nothing but sport, and you must not be offended!"

"Well, well, Cap'n," rejoined the boatman, "I'll keep awful quiet arter this, and not say another thing 'cept a plain fact, that you will ask some questions. You say, cap't we cut through the skins and back to Miss Blanche? and I says, yes—we can cut up the whole infernal pile; but you didn't wait till I could see what's the good on't. That's a door to the lodge, and it looks right reasonable to me that we could git in thar much quicker."

"I see you do not comprehend my suggestion, Seth!" said Eugene. "What I had in view is this: If we were to enter through the door, with the light burning, every article would be startled, and the slightest sound might rouse them, and then it would be almost impossible to escape unobserved, and especially I fear that we could not get Miss Blanche out in the same way without being discovered; but by cutting our way to her, within some feet or two of where she now is, it struck me that a little watching might secure us the first of our presence, without reaching the care of the others, and that then we would then be in the better making her escape through the opening by her very side."

"Do you s'pose, Cap'n, that we could cut our way to her without waking the others up?"

"That is the question I asked, and you thought we could."

"Beg your pardon, Cap'n! that there's just the question you didn't ax. You wanted to know of we could cut our way through, and I says, we could and may yerd about noise."

"Then you do think it could be done without our being overheard? taking into consideration, at the same time, that the fire shows a very big wind and rain—might account for the precautions which you suggested, and which I am glad to see?"

"Yes of it could, I can't see no good in't, Cap'n that I 'pears to me as the easiest way is alters the best."

"What do you propose, then?"

"Miss Blanche ain't loosed, is she?"

"She was not when I saw her, and probably will not be."

"Well, what better d'ye want are jest to let her know we're here, and then she'll help herself, I'm still? If that's a woman on this here almighty arth no can do it, and do it direct, she's the critter!"

"But how shall we convey the information to her?"

"Oh, I'll find a way for that, Cap'n—never you trouble yourself about it! We was only to come down for what belongs of the matter fired—the honest and the thieves—and I'll bet a big thing that I'll have the niggers our old scalps."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old Eugene. "All, then, seems now to depend upon the finding, capture, and preparation of the horses for our purpose."

"There's one—just so—and that's the difficulty—that I'll find for the hosses, and you must find—"

"Well, what must I find?" asked the latter, for as much—as he smiled, that, as the old saying has it, "the mocking-place, made of two hours, without making the least sign of the effect of the witticism—"I will do the thing purty nigh fixed; for I reckon that the Arther part, of giving the gal out of the lodge, mought be done; and once we git her mounted, I'll be bound she'll make the best use of the legs of them hoss logs."

"Can we do any better, then, than return to our rendezvous at once?" inquired Eugene; "for that, I think, will be the best course for all meeting the others; and it is possible some of them may bring us the intelligence we want."

"Yes," rejoined Seth, "if that's a bom within a mile o' here, Simon Kenton will smell him out —for he's got a nose and eyes for't—and he'll be bound has for a fire, particularly of it's a Injun fire."

"Then we will back at once to the rendezvous," said Eugene, rising, and preparing to move off; "and, Seth, be sure and silently, and assuring him that, if all the scouts should get to the rendezvous before him, he would himself return to guide him thither."

On once more finding himself alone, Eugene, first feeling that all his arms were secure, returned cautiously to the lodge of the squaws, and once more attempted to peer within; but this time without success; for the others had closed the entrance so close to leave no crevice or aperture for the light to escape, and Eugene, at the risk of a general alarm, gained. He put his ear up close and listened, and fancied he heard the voice of the renegade, but was not certain of it; and, as he was sure he was not able to connect any intelligence with the sound under the circumstances,

Eugene knew not whether to regard this change as favorable to the success of his plan, or the point of view it seemed so prove that Harper had not cut his light and left the lodge, and could only conjecture; and in another point of view, that he had either concealed or extinguished it because of his suspicion, and was watching from the inside.

Stepping quietly back, Eugene glided stealthily around the lodge, and sharply put his ear to the corner of light; but finding none whatever, he came to the conclusion that there was no longer one within; and though tempted to part the skin at the door with his knife, and peer within for a certainty, he prudently forbore doing what might have enkindled his curiosity and imperiled his life at the moment.

Oh, what would he not have given at that moment, for some communication with Harper, that to assure her that he was alive, and near her, with a few distant words of warning and caution! He was a moment to risk his life for her rescue! If he could only tell her this, he thought, and give her hope—tell her of his plan, and get her acquiescence—the greatest part of his hazardous undertaking would thus be accomplished!

For more than an hour Eugene remained on the watch, moving stealthily about in the driving rain, and with every garment water-soaked and clinging closely to him. During this time, owing to the darkness, he was not certain that one of his companions had been near him—though more than once a shadowy-looking figure had glided past him, so closely that he might have put his hand upon the object; yet he neither did so, nor ventured a whisper, for fear of betraying himself to the Indians!"

What, well, Cap'n," was the response, "if I agwine in to try my luck, and I'm agwine to do my best; and if I don't succeed in fetching the gal out, the fault won't be in good intention, anyhow; and if anything does happen, and there's a regular scrimmage, why such a grand howl you mustn't be a bit surprised of there's some blood drewed—for I'm agwine to do't, you may bet your life I does it!"

"But do nothing rash, Seth!" most anxiously rejoined Eugene, grasping tightly the arm of his companion.

"Nary once, Cap'n; I'm altogether o'er in knowing what I'm about; and you've seed, afore to-day, as how I can go amongst the brutes as knowful as any kittens could ever hot cools. Not just that I'm ready to die your part, and die it up plum decider, without no flinching, and we'll all come out right and tight. We knows where's to thar's three women—of you'll just allow me to count the white-livered runnagate—and for them thar—allow leaving out Miss Blanche, for a moment, the question—that's two well-armed, white gintlemen o' us; and if we aren't enough to fix off them, we'd be hardly worth the fuss of a scrimp! How what I want of you is this here: I've told you afore, and I'll do you right, for as old Simon Kenton he'll see he knows, the old hoss—so mun's particular of his scalp, that he's in love; and so, I say, I'll tell you agin, that I want you to stand right here by the lodge, and wait till I've got the gal out, and then I'll come down to you, or you just leave a-range, you must know it's time to travel; but not without I send you t though I 'spect there's no need o' letting you know of that, as you'll be mighty glad—I'm half of the gal in some shape, and break with her for a journey, and I'll be the promoter of the matter, and the disposition of the different parties; but I has no fancy for a scrimp! Now what I want of you is this here: I've told you afore, and I'll do you right, for as old Simon he'll see he knows, the old hoss—no man's particular of his scalp, that he's in love; and so, I say, I'll tell you agin, that I want you to stand right here by the lodge, and wait till I've got the gal out, and then I'll come down to you, or you just leave a range, you must know it's time to travel; but not without you t though I 'spect there's no need o' letting you know of that, as you'll be mighty glad—I'm half of the gal in some shape, and break with her for a journey, and I'll be the promoter of the matter, and the disposition of the different parties; and don't mind me a bit! don't look after me, but just keep your eyes open for the rest, and you'll be passed praying for! D'ye understand?"

"Clearly, Seth—clearly!"

"That's one thing else I'd forget," pursued the loquacious boatman; "if that bom should a-be a-nigh happens to slip me and cause by you, just you let him have it right and left, and I'll be with you just—knar I want that head o' hair o' him—the handsomest, most knowful scalp I ever seed!"

"Well, there, Seth—that will do—I understand you perfectly, and will be governed by your suggestions!"

Seth Harper now set about his perilous task of communicating with Blanche Bernard, without, if such a thing were possible, disturbing the other inmates of the lodge—an adventure which could be considered, as he considered it, would have made the most stout hearted tremble, and start the cold chuck grow pale with fear.

Most cautiously pushing his rifle through a small aperture at the bottom of the door, he next laid down his body, and, inch by inch, and slowly drawing a corner of the robe aside, began to crawl into the lodge—Eugene, with his knife in hand, his rifle at well guarded from the reach of the Indians under the circumstances, and his heart beating most audibly, remaining on the watch outside—a somewhat trembling ordeal indeed—for Eugene knew that much depended upon the importance, and most intense excitement, that one moment of carelessness on his part would be the cause of his own and his companion's death.

Seth Harper was out of the view, and most unnerving excitement of Eugene, immediately following the knowledge of the full and complete entrance of his brave companion into the lodge. Nor was the excitement one of the least which attended the awful suspense listed, in which no sound came to his ear, to give the slightest indication of success or failure.

Two, two, three minutes glided silently away—minutes to slowly noted in every record, that, to our anxious hero, they seemed expanded into ten-fold their usual duration; and was just beginning to hope—a stranger, wild, indescribable hope—that Seth must have the beloved being he so wildly worshiped once more under his charge, when he was startled at hearing a voice exclaim:

"Who is there?"

Eugene heard no reply; but a moment after there was the noise of a quick movement, as of some one starting up; and the voice of the renegade next stood saying, in a loud, gruff tone:

"Hello! what's the matter thar?"

Eugene felt sure by this that he could scarcely stand, and lately clutched one of the posts of the lodge for support, and that the crisis was now in the next breath to be made aware that etherial of the Indians and warriors of himself and friends depended solely upon quick and desperate action.

But the reply he listened for did not come so quick as the anticipated—in fact, full a minute by some question had been again repeated by Hawley before there an answer came which for a moment gave great relief to his anxious mind.

"Nothing, only I was dreaming, I think," said the voice of Blanche.

And what dyes dream?" demanded Hawley.

"You are inquiring into secrets now of which I deem the right to be the keeper!" answered Blanche.

Well," rejoined Hawley, gruffly, "when anybody wakes up in the night, and wakes other people by hollowing out their own sheer, I think it's right that other people should know what it are of whom 'em. I thought I heard a noise, too—and it is a thing I must see from what you made—and I know I wasn't a dreaming."

"Well, if you feel at all alarmed," replied Blanche, gaily, "you better get a light, and I will help you make a search—for who knows but what there are bears around, looking to steal your good scalp and jewels?"

"Ugh!" rejoined Hawley, with an oath and a laugh, "of that's any o' them critters about this here, they're right welcome to all the gold and jewels as they'll get out of me—to go on them, and don't bother us more, or I'll her to get up and do it you!"

You need not mention any other punishment," retorted Blanche, "for I assure you I will not keep me all at for the rest of the night, though I am not a coward, as you seem to think me."

With this the conversation ended; and for a moment longer, or so, at least, it seemed to Eugene—so sound followed, to give the slightest indication of the progress of the perilous design which had animated him to the greatest happiness or deepest misery.

At last, when his patience had become nearly exhausted, and the long and intense excitement under which he had labored had so overcome his physical powers as to render him comparatively weak and faint, he suddenly became aware that some object was crawling out through the same aperture where Seth had entered, and in the same slow and cautious manner. Without moving his feet in the least, Eugene grasped his knife firmly in his right hand, and slowly but cautiously bent down toward the object, prepared to strike a fatal blow, should it prove, as he feared it might, to be the renegade himself.

"Is it you, Seth?" he whispered.

"Yes, Cap'n," answered the boatman, "it's this here same old hoss. Hasn't lay hoof nary scale I all's right and tight!"

Seth occupied some half a minute more in drawing himself carefully out, and securing the point of the robe again hanging in the wind, which he did by driving his knife through it, and pinning it to the earth. Then quickly arising upon his feet, he cautiously informed his anxious and impatient companion that they would have to wait three some hours for the escape of Miss Blanche Bernard to appear.

"And will she come?" inquired Eugene, in a nervous whisper. "Did you really communicate with her?"

"Yes," replied Seth; "I hat she liked to her up'll all by them four fists of hers!"

He then, in his own peculiar manner, proceeded to tell the others as well as the surrounding circumstance would admit of, all that had occurred; how he had crept along in the darkness, and, by the most cautious feeling, had guided only by the sense of feeling and the description which Eugene had given of the position and number of the inmates of the different parties; how he had found the couch of Blanche on the right, and supposed the renegade to be sleeping on a similar one on the left; how he had silently drawn himself up, and darkly whispered in Blanche's ear, that help was near; how she had uttered a low and almost inexplicably spoken the words which had convinced him that all was well; that she, moreover, had faintly whispered his own name, and then dropped quietly down on the ground by her side, and that he had crept out as he had entered, drawing up and stopping a search; how he had veiled, in the most delicate manner, all that was

A LOVER'S FANTASY.

BY WILLIE E. PARDE.

What a daily or event fancy, born because my waking hours Were so full of saving, innermost that in Sleep's pleasure bowers My day-dreams found an existence, through a pulsive fruition of Reverie?

What a wife a sweet fancy, that your head lay on my breast, And I smoothed you with sweet words till you gently sank to rest, And in your sleep you whispered the name that you loved best?

You only roamed it once, believed, you spoke it soft and low; And deep-hid are your wish and the one whisper of it go, And from it there did spring a hope that only lovers know.

A hope that split the name it once as exultingly as the lea, A hope that raises the future as the rainbow spans the sea, And gathers at my waking hours with pleasure deep for me then.

What a daily a sweet fancy, dissonant in my dreams? Filched by Promise upon Sleep's enchanted stream?
Or shall Love's star one day arise and shine out on me in beam?

I will submit my heart to patience, I will take my time and wait,
Having learned the lesson how to love, I'll study how to call
Until my feet shall pass with yours the happy bridal door.

THE TRANSFORMED LOVER.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY AUGUSTA HOLMES.

Once upon a time, when, as yet, the rarest little fairies had not departed from the earth, there lived beside a forest a most beautiful maiden. She lived entirely alone, for she was an orphan, with no relations on the earth, and she declared to every one who came and desired her to have some one to reside with her, in order that she might feel the genial influences of the family, that since the hand of her parents had been severed by her eighth and natural associates and protectors, she would never substitute others in their places. She laughed when people told her that her beauty was dangerous to her, and her wealth still more so, and said "I am a strong house," she said. "I have many servants. They are armed and they are brave. I have no fear for me. No one shall ever harm or rob me. I am not afraid of all the robbers in the forest."

And so she dwelt alone, year after year.

"Why do you not marry?" asked the people who were always visiting the mansion of the beautiful maiden. "Then you would not need to have strangers for company. Surely you would choose one from among the countless swains who are so importunate for——"

"My gold," interrupted the maiden, with a smile. "No, I have myself to thank for the love of any of the youths who flock about you? Surely there must be some who are noble-hearted and sincere in their professions of love."

"But none of them are sufficiently handsome to please me," returned the vain girl. "I do not see among them all a single man who is so beautiful as I am myself; and until I find one of the sister whose face and form are perfect, I shall never wed."

This saying was reported among the young men who had been paying court to Maisel, for so was the maiden called—and it produced a great sensation. Many of the most high-spirited youth retired in disgust from the lists, and many others shrank away disconcerted and discouraged. For not a man among them all possessed so perfect the truth of Maisel's assertion, that she was more beautiful than any of their number.

Of those who vainly loved the fair and proud young girl was a man a little past the flush and first bloom of his youth. He had the noblest and the deepest feeling heart that ever throbbed for love of her, and his person was as deep-seated and as immortal as his own soul. When he heard of her haughty and vain determination, he sank at once into the most hopeless regret and misery; for he knew then that all his fond dreams must utterly perish. He was so ill-favored that to strangers he looked positively hideous.

But he had learned by many lessons that to those who knew him well he was agreeable, and his great, generous love for Maisel had caused him to hope that he might, in time, become so to her. But now that delightful hope was swept violently away, and the strong man left his love and him in the forest, where, bowing his head upon his hands, he loudly wept.

"What aileth thee, mortal, that thou writhest thy dwelling-place with thy sad moans?" piped a silver voice close at hand.

Urgan lifted his head and stared astounded upon the tiny, gossamer-clad figure that stood before him, playfully shaking from its gauzy wings sparkling gems, which she deducted were Urgan's tears.

"What aileth thee?" again she asked.

The man could not recover himself sufficiently to speak. He had heard of the fairy-folk, but had never believed in them. Seeing is believing; and now Urgan's faith crept with a sensation of fear. But why fear?

"Thy tongue seems to be tied, and thy lips to be sealed, but thy heart is open to me, and I know all that grieves thee, and I know that thou deservest not this grief." And the sweet and kindly fairy needs a lesson, and she shall have it, and thou shalt have it. Dost hear, mortal? Maisel is beautiful, shall surely be thine own, and of her own free choosing. Do not woo and win her. Go, go, go!" and as the little creature uttered these last three words, she struck Urgan three times with her shining wand of silver-light, and then with a merry laugh, she pointed him to a clear pool at a short distance, and stepping on her own hands, she vanished. Then Urgan arose and walked on and on down the silver path. It was as clear and motionless as it could be, and mirrored perfectly the bushes and reeds that overhung it. Urgan gazed within, and then he started back astonished, to see who was the stranger, beautiful as he remembered, that had floated into his vision on the reflecting water. No one was in sight, and again the bewildered man turned to the pool. Again flashed on his almost dazzled sight the wondrous vision, but where was the darkness of the ugly Urgan. Urgan lifted his hand to his face, a motion which the figure in the water imitated. Urgan shook his head, so did the figure.

"This is past all comprehension," cried Urgan, and the rosy mouth in the water seemed repeating the same words, though no sound came from it.

At last, after long astonishment, doubting and apprehension, our modest friend was obliged to believe that he really had been changed, by fairy power, to an appearance more charming and delightful than anything he had ever been able to imagine. As he went slowly through the process of self-examination, narrowly examining his features and limbs one by one, he fancied that from under the green knolls about him he heard small shouts of laughter, like the joyous ringing of tiny silver bells.

"If it be not all a dream," quoth Urgan, "my happiness is sure," and with a light heart and springing step he hastened over the mead to his home.

Maisel loved the shady forest, and she loved the singing stream; she was never weary of roaming out in the fine air, making the echoes by her rambles and thrillingly sweet voice, and seeking the fairest flowers of forest or of mead.

With her white fawn by her side, and her dove fluttering near or resting upon her shoulder, she would wander for miles away from her home. Hardly ever next morning, she had no fear, she said, and so went, hour after hour, through strange and lonely places, without one thought of danger or fear. Seldom did she meet any human being in her long rambles, and if she met with one, he was by her own servants, it was confidently affirmed that she had frequent meetings with wood-nymphs and fairies. But how should any one know of this, for no people were attired like her.

But the truth must be told. Maisel had both seen and talked with the fairies, and that is not the word of it. She had climbed them by more than one exhibition of the great and most foolish vanity of her heart. It was fearful insanity on the part of Maisel to carry herself haughtily, because of her exceeding beauty, and to be moved by a single touch, could have deprived her of it forever. But vanity and pride are always lifted with folly, and Maisel could not see her danger.

The little people, however, had much forbearance with her, for they perceived that under all her faults there was a deep well of gentle and faithful affection for whoever could reach it and bid its sweet waters overflow. They saw also many white-winged graces, sliding with sunny heads and folded wings in her young heart, and they knew that so soon as the truth of her life should be revealed to her, that these graces would shine out as Maisel the pure and true. Therefore the fairies made her one of the most frequent of their visits, and they prepared for her a different discipline.

"Oh! where it is in the good graces reserved,
Where the storms and cares are ongoing."

sang Mabel, springing gaily down from the hands to a sunny, open glade, where sweet wild roses grew, and where Maisel was sitting, in the midst of a recital. She paused in mute amaze, for three maid before her a thing more radical than any of the forms that people dreamed of. Even in the embodiment of mainly grace, his features were absolutely perfect in form and expression, his soft, warm color on cheek and lip, such dazzling light in his golden curls, and such a delicate appearance he looked towards her and smiled, his form broke into lovely proportion, and all the grace his beauty was increased tenfold. The admirable figure was seen in the strange wreath—Urgan's face was seen in the strange wreath—Urgan's face was—who have such marks of the ugliness and deformity, though old of the most wretched and middle life, seemed to divine the maiden's thoughts, and in a voice of melody, he said:

"I am but a mortal man, sweet lady, and I implore thy pardon for the sudden sight of my former form. Farewell!" and instantly the man was gone.

Then how changed seemed that little glade. It was as if a dark cloud had eclipsed the sun. Maisel had never known what it was to be afraid, but a vast terror of that cunning archer, whose mark is the heart of the mortal, came over her, and she was now smitten; but she went to her home with a chill strain of loneliness upon her never, till that hour, had felt.

How deep it seemed in the fine alone; how still and solitary were all her parlors and her chambers, and how unsatisfying seemed the company of birds and beasts. She felt as if she would, that night, delay, make arrangements to gather about her a number of guests, but the remembrance of the orderly it had become inappropriate to dwell alone and unloved. She thought over her friends and acquaintances, trying to decide who she would like to receive a number of them for a season of intimate companions. It was a far more difficult thing than she had supposed, to do this. One was rude, another too quiet; one was too conceited, and possessed of a disinterial spirit, another was alarmingly extravagant; one was too much a flirt, another never talked at all; one was a nervous fidget, another a dull stupid; and how many more she have to come and live with her? She never knew before how few really agreeable people there were in the world, and how impossible it was for anybody at all to invite to her home. "Wasn't she expecting too much?" Maisel asked herself, and then considering that she was herself so imperfect. She was not, of that, and therefore, unfitted to receive the room. "Are you not altogether selfish?" said the voice; but this time Maisel answered it not at all, but: "Is that the way any one ought to live? What is one good for who does live so?" How will one answer for it? It can be done for the good of others! Has he not commanded every human being to try to become like Him? How much have you tried? What have you ever done but write your own pleasure, and live for your own vanity, and minister to your own tastes? Are you more fit now to be better for your life?"

This questioning went on and on Maisel nearly will. She could not discover whence the voice came, but she heard it close to her ear, and set the whole chamber. She even tore apart her bed to see if any one were hiding there. But no one was to be found.

Maisel now began to answer the above questions, and the answers she found most every one against herself.

"I'll do differently," resolved Maisel. "What if people don't exactly suit my fancy or my whims, is that any reason why I should avoid them and shun them? They may be a great deal better than I am. I've been very wrong to live alone, and after all, years only for my own pleasure. I mean to have that poor sister Haywood come here and bring all her little children. She is a good woman I'm sure; and it will be kindness well bestowed to help her, and cheer her hard fortunes. She shall come to live with me."

Maisel was prompt and efficient in action when she chose to act, and in a short time the astonished and overjoyed widow found herself and her six small children transported from her uncomfortable, leaky, scantily-furnished abode, where hunger and care had gnawed her very vitals, to the ample accommodation and pleasurous fare of "The Wood-bank," as Maisel styled her home. The children made a great noise sometimes, and Maisel's patience got tried. But the little ones were human, and never allowed the widow to know that she felt in the least annoyed. Mrs. Haywood was very grateful, and it was only by declaring that she really would be very much obliged to her if she would stay with her for keep off the blues, and to defy her to feel that she was not exactly alone in the world, that Maisel could prevail upon the widow to consent to remain long enough to depend on such friend's love.

We will have all this time, Maisel's journey is nearly done; another moment, and a new shall thicken comfort together."

The moment was accordingly one, to a good school, and about the time that Mrs. Haywood left her generally went galloping off for a race on horseback.

Thus she one day was leaving home, her last hanging by one of the stirrups, her hair all unbound and floating backwards on the wind. Suddenly by her horse started one side, and she was thrown with some violence to the earth. She was insensible, straight and lifted up, when she had been carried a little from the fright she had received, she saw that she was supported in the stranger of the noble. From the moment that she saw him, she really superhuman in their beauty, were beside her.

"Are you harmed?" asked the same musical voice, which she had heard in the fairy glade.

Maisel was faint and dizzy now. She knew not where she was, but in a true and noble man, I know, and I am glad that it is so, for I am about to ask me when Bruno threw me, yonder in the forest. Then I was not harmed, but now I am. He came often. He stood for the love of Maisel, and he gave her his heart, and he gave it, unhappily, for the beautiful maiden gloried in shortness. She would be wife never of this man, for she being when she had long declared that she would wed, or she would die. She had a wicked way in disposing the accidents of some persons who had said that she haughty beauty would "go to the grave unwed." It is an open way to give a girl a fright.

The people were all astonished at the wonderful charms of the stranger's look and manner. They were also astonished at the great love he showed for Maisel, and she his ravishing smile, that he did pardoning on his upper lip, as he spoke. The maiden never ceased among the townspeople till the day of the wedding was over. No one could imagine how Maisel could have been so blind and dismayed over his self-evident worth. The wedding flowers of the garden, flowers of the field, and presented and heaved; and the bridal bells rang out as a fairy, and the lovely scene; and when her lover spoke his name April 1st.

The guests were all astonished. The priest was the bridegroom had disappeared, and were all ranging to be quite sure of the fact. Maisel was in the open window of a garden, and she was sinking down by white sweet, and dropped with the generosity, though out of the bridal dress, and middle life, seemed to divine the maiden's thoughts, and in a voice of melody, he said:

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WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his former, as well as his present address.

THE LION RAMPANT.

John Bull's crest-writers have raised a malicious outcry over shippers in the Gulf of Mexico that their goods are true. Many of the reports, no doubt not, are more than true—they are exaggerations. We do not believe, whatever may have been done by some bob-headed British commander, that the British Government is privy to, or abetting, in the slightest moment interest, any act on the part of her navy calculated to embroil the two nations. There is not everything in the conduct and speech of England to indicate that she wishes anything but to let peace with us. Some of her captains may have contemplated the benefit of propriety—and they have been to a respect and even absence—if so, she will properly reprove them. We are entirely confident on this point. It is pure slander to charge the British Government as willing to provoke a war with us, and least of all on the sea—though there is a favorable element. The time is quite past, even were her temper never so bad, when England, with her navy and good her old boast, "Britannia rules the deep," or when she could expect old-time laurels for that flag which one of her poets says,

"For a thousand years
Its loved folds have floated on the breeze."

We believe it essential to the safety of commerce, the peace of the world, and the true glory of civilization, that all the commercial nations should form the peerless, profitable and steadily extended, of surrendering suspicious craft. Else we are at sea all up with the Stars and Stripes, and the Queen.

We are just as hostile as any man can be to British or other insolence, on sea or land, and will go as far as the next man in defense of the honor and the rights of our flag; but we have no fear that the "bunkum" side, Publicists and the Administration may be glad of a chance to raise a dust of war excitement to cover their sins and shortcomings, and it may be very well to let off a degree of effervid steam about "more outrages" and "another outrage" by that old British bird, but we have no fear that the country is going to burn any war, or chance for war, with England. That old bird is not so rampant as of yore, and he has not sufficiently forgotten the two floggings we gave him, to make us think that we should never rest from our labors till our whole duty is performed.

This famous motto, "Come best, shun rest," has its synonyms among the maxims of our own people, such as "the more hurry, the less speed," and "slow, but sure." It inculcates evenness of mind and temperament, deliberation in considering the doing of things by the said exerts. It represents the temper of the thinker, the reasoner, and compliles whatever he undertakes, and inspires his associates and those relying upon him, with confidence in his ability and judgment of our highest ideas of human greatness, which are expressed by the words, Confidence and Deliberation. Impulse is the real indications of our daily—courage to do things, and the love of doing them, when we do them thoroughly and cheerfully, instead of negligently and goodly as to the time and the doing.

"Life is science, life is science,"

and verily it is so. It is full of work worthy of the noblest endeavor, and of rest that only the noblest can rest. "Onward, but steadily"—without haste, without rest—these are the elements of which ever providentially accompany the true man's life, whatever may be his sphere of activity!

HOW HE WAS FLEECED.

An elderly gentleman named Hazmer, from the neighborhood of Lyons, Wayne county, was unfortunate enough with the "games" practised in great cities, was arrested, a few evenings since, while walking in Broadway, by a couple of respectable-looking women, who told him they had been interest out of doors by their drunken husbands, and had not money enough to get home. The gentlemanly old man at once invited them to step into a saloon and get something to eat. The refusal of refreshments was rather too beautifully at his expense. He then offered to attend them to the house of a friend where they said they hoped to get lodgings for the night; but on the way thither, as they were passing in a dark part of a street, one of the couple of men suddenly rushed upon him, and demanded what he was doing with those women. One of the men seized him by the throat and shook him, while the other, after giving him a severe cuff, and slaps, ran off, as he said, to call the police; the women meanwhile clinging to him as if to protect him from violence. In a short time the police "entangled husband" left, and the women then hurried Mr. Hazmer off, until they came to another street, when they told him they could go the rest of the way alone, and he went back to his hotel, where he discovered that his watch and pocketbook were both gone; and he at once made a vow never to believe the story of drunken women again, sold to him in Broadway beneath the light of a gas lamp.

THE TRUE SOCIAL GERM.

The fact that the family is the true germ of society—the latter, with its various ramifications, grew up as a great tree, and spreading itself heavenward and horizontward, also the manner of the great Gigantic American traveling above the very germ of the Socialist—contains a lesson which cannot be too often or too carefully pondered by all who have anything to do with the progress of society, through the medium of the press. Shall we, then, ever see less to do in this direction? No one in this country, where every child knows that liberty is her military path alone, differing light, profound, according to each one's temperament, and looking as carelessly down upon joy as upon sorrow; but no purer or truth could prevail—no, but beneath that mound the there smouldered no volcano; no restraining grenade on that dome of the capitol was ever known to burst; no sentinel ever fell on duty, and no one ever heard the sound of a musket. Then, and there, we saw in the habit of dominating "law." Then we saw in the habit of dominating "law." Then we saw in the habit of dominating "law." Then

OH, LADY WITH THE EDEN-EYES.

BY WILLIE ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Oh, Lady with the Eden eyes,
Into love that is not Paradise,
And voice as sweet as winds that sweep
With new love-song through the deep,
And hair as round the forehead curled,
As is the rose's heart of pearl,
Say, say, will you not be
My star of hope our Life's dark sea?

II.

The graceful form I might compare
To fairy beings of the air,
But that I know their bright eyes see
Unmeasured ministry such as thine,
The progress of thy dear sea,
Is not to shadow or to sin—
While now they taunting sing—thy form
Was never made for any storm.

III.

Dear Lady, as the Eden sky
Around us many a rainbow sing,
Hath not Jehovah there woven that term
Like Deity's own name in azure found,
I can but, will but think that thou,
With such a gentle voice and brow,
Were made to be the Love of Life and
The star of hope to Life's wild sea I

RICHARD HOPLEMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND DISTINCTION.

CHAPTER LIV.

CAPTAIN GALL ASTONISHED.

The escape from the Caradoc had been no less cleverly executed than planned. In the hustle of the party which Captain Gall had given on board, Caleb contrived to descend unnoticed to one of the boats at the stern, cut the painter, and shifted with his little fill he reached one of the numerous landing places, where our hero and Jack Manders were on the look-out.

No sooner did they perceive him than they put off and took him in tow. Our readers may imagine the joy of the fugitive at once more meeting with his former companion in misfortune.

"I can never be happy you, sir!" he exclaimed, addressing himself to Richard; "I little thought that any one would have interested himself in me, sir."

"You have nothing to repay," replied our hero, kindly; "your assistance and sympathy to my friend here, merited all I can do for you, to say nothing of the indignation every Englishman must feel at the tyranny you have so recently suffered."

At this moment Jack Manders felt exceedingly proud and elated at being called his friend.

In a few minutes the party landed, and entering a carriage driven by the native groom, who had remained his usual dress, started for the cavalry barracks, where Fred Wharton, who was officer of the guard, for some time had been anxiously expecting them.

"Have you succeeded?" he hastily demanded. Our hero pointed to Caleb.

The surest evidence feeling were invariably called in favor of any one who had suffered from cruelty and oppression, congratulated the runaway sailor warmly.

"Should your interference in my behalf cause you annoyance, I shall never forgive myself," observed the prisoner.

"Do not think of that," answered Wharton; "neither my friend nor myself are ever likely to undertake a foolish, mad adventure; or, having entered upon an honorable one, to abandon it lightly. To give those who are interested in your welfare a right to protect you," added the speaker, "you must enter the service of the King."

"Anything!" exclaimed the young man, gratefully, "rather than return to the Caradoc again. Even the grave!" he murmured, in an under-tone.

The officer rang the bell; it was answered by Mark Raynor, whose appearance was so greatly improved by his smart uniform, that the old seafaring comrade of Caleb's would scarcely have recognized him.

"Here is a recruit for you, sergeant," said the officer, "and one that will do the regiment credit, if I mistake not."

"At least I will never disgrace it," observed the fugitive, respectfully.

The shilling was given, and the sergeant about to retire with Caleb from the room, when the sound of voices was heard at the entrance of the guard-house.

All started to their feet.

"Pursued!" faltered Caleb, turning exceedingly pale; "what shall we do, sir?" he continued, and two or three of Mr. Chutnee's clerks made their appearance, followed by the police. They were hastily emitted, not only by wine, but by the chase after the runaway.

"Sir, Mr. Tyrrell," exclaimed the commander of the Caradoc, "I have discovered your pretty manœuvring in time!"

"Is this addressed to me?" demanded our hero.

"Of course it is," replied the ruffian, in an insolent tone. "Do you call yourself a gentleman to collogue with all of gentlemen recruits enter them to desert from their ship, and hide from justice?"

"What I call or consider myself," replied our hero, calmly, "is very little to do with the question. But I tell you what I consider you—a scoundrel, whose brutality has brought shame upon a profession which he is a disgrace; a thing without one sentiment of humanity or proper feeling; a creature with the form, language, and name of an Englishman, but the soul of an Indian Thug." Driver—nay, worse, a hangman's spirit."

Captain Gall colored deeply. It was the first time in his career he had ever been addressed in such terms, and by a mere boy, too! The youth of the speaker rendered the sting of his words doubly painful.

"I am not accountable to you for my conduct," he replied with a sneer. "I am come for my runaway apprentices."

"Indeed!"

"Are they here?"

"Your visitors are," answered Richard.

"And do you intend to give them up?"

"Not while there is law or justice to protect the injured in Calcutta!" exclaimed the young man, in a tone of indignation. "I would so even shelter the hunt to the digest, as any human being in your mercy. If you feel aggrieved, the courts of law are open to you. But I warn you that I will carry it from tribunal to tribunal, have your crew examined as witnesses, and hold your conduct up to the execration of an indignant public before I yield them up."

"Rash boy!" repeated the ruffian; "you will they."

"I did."

"Caleb is my apprentice: I have his indentures to prove it."

"Caleb has enlisted in my regiment," observed Fred Wharton, coolly: "if you have any legal right to his services, it must be pursued elsewhere."

The tyrant and bully would have remonstrated, but the speaker cut him short by ordering the sergeant to clear the guard-house—a duty which Mark Raynor and his comrades performed with alacrity.

Ough Gall and his party quitted the room, threatening the law and muttering menaces which the officer and his friend listened to with an contempt they merited. "The two fugitives remained from the inner room; both were armed in the north. There was a desperate determination in their looks

CAPTAIN GALL BROUGHT TO TERMS.

—the deadly paleness of their features and flashing eyes.

"Saved!" muttered Caleb, when he discovered that his persecutor had retreated.

"I have but one regret," added Jack; "that I did not send a bullet whizzing through the coward's brain."

At an early hour the following day, Mr. Stafford proceeded to the house of his employer, anxious to relate the adventure of the preceding night to Mr. Chutnee—an adventure which, in his opinion, did not redound very much to the credit of our hero.

"It is not strange," he added, "that a young gentleman of Mr. Tyrrell's position and fortune should espouse the cause of evildoers against the law, instance of his misplaced generosity."

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"Stay!" exclaimed

myself when I reflect how much older than yourself. I am rich; make up for my remaining years happy, and all that I possess shall be yours."

Mrs. Chalmers smiled sardonically.

"You know not yet what wealth can purchase."

"You painfully," she answered, with a shudder.

"You will drive me mad."

"You have made me wretched."

"Is there no hope?"

"None," replied Zamora. "Henceforth I shall be to you only as a daughter, for you have broken all other ties between us; but, like a daughter who knows her duty, I will consult your pleasure in everything. I give up society, I never cared for its interests and pleasures, become the companionship of all but my own and thoughts. I cannot, if I would, divorce myself from them; I suppose God you have lined will remain a prisoner in its gilded cage. If so sing a hushed, you have only yourself to blame."

"Zamora!" cried Mr. Chalmer, greatly agitated, "this is cruelty to yourself—to me—the very resentment of an angry woman's vengeance."

"And yet I am not angry," observed he with calmness.

"Can I endure the torture of seeing you wither in solitude, and know that my love has fallen like a blight upon your happiness?"

"Not your love, but your jealousy."

"By heaven!" he added, "I would rather a thousand times see you in the world, the idol of every worshiper who named himself in your society."

"I require no worshipers."

"Friends, then."

"I shall still have Lillian and Lady Bell—but perhaps you will be jealous of them."

"How so?"

"Mere," mumbled the angry beauty, hurling into a passionate flood of tears; "you have humiliated me—humiliated me in myself. Point out any one action of my life which justifies you in supposing that I would fling my heart unasked at the feet of one who cares nothing for me—more, who is the plighted husband of another."

"It was original," murmured the merchant. "It was a fatal hour which witnessed the entrance of Richard Tyrrell beneath my roof."

"You made it so."

"Granted," said her husband.

"The kindhearted boy!" she added; "he little thought, whilst speaking to me with a brother's fondness, that every word of his praise was watched and weighed by tyrannical jealousy, that every smile was misconstrued. And you could wound such friendship for him! Poor humanity! how easily the clay of which thou art composed receives the basest impressions!"

"I will ask his forgiveness," said Mr. Chalmer, very humbly.

The eyes of Zamora flashed fire, and her childlike, beautiful lips curled with an expression of scorn so intense, that it startled the weak and doting old man.

"What!" she cried; "let him know that any one fiend suspect me of lowering myself sufficiently upon him, of breaking the vow I have sworn to him before whom all women are sacred! Never, never!"

"What can I do?" demanded the merchant, in a tone of helplessness.

"Nothing. We must both submit to our punishment—I, for thinking the act of old man, and he who once weak enough to love, with the affections could bestow his affections upon you, for having doubted where wisdom should have been my guide."

All this appeared so strange to Herbert Chalmer, that it was no wonder he looked bewildered. Great as his error had been, he felt that the penalty was still greater, and began to experience something like anger and impatience.

"You forget," he said, "that you are my wife."

"I cannot forget it."

"And that I have rights which—"

Zamora broke into a long, musical laugh, and the other.

"A child way of speaking truth," answered the friend. "Yet it was I think, wholly unconnected with love. He was attracted by the beauty of Lillian, her as he would have been with any woman. She ministered to his selfish pleasures, and was as we have just seen, both loving and patient. It was right, so far as his enjoyments were concerned; as a child, I think, he loved her, and would have died for the heart. But it is over now, and she sleeps well."

And as they left the room, they went to the place of graves.

Lillian sighed patient." The bereaved husband carried the words home with him. They had fallen upon his ears with a new meaning, as applied to his wife, and gave to his mind a truer, clearer perception as to her character. "A faithful wife, a tender mother," he mused; "but second to my minister's words also, and they were sounding still in his ears, like a prophecy of evil. Second to all else, Mr. Carson's ideal of his wife. Her character stood out in bold relief before him, when Mrs. Carson, who had not seen her mother during that time, came to visit her. She remained there some two hundred miles, and made a short visit. Since her marriage she had not visited the scene of her childhood, though her heart kept going back to its loved ones yearningly all the while.

"I shall see them at parting," answered her husband, coldly, and in evident surprise at the request. "I shall not go with you, for I have not in my business in out of the question."

Tears came hastily to the soft brown eyes of the young wife.

"I have not seen my mother since I came from home."

Down, down through years came to Mr. Carson the voice of his wife, as it trembled with its sorrow. Not a single shade of its tender sadness was gone. And he, in his pride, his coldness, had searched into all its meanings. But when fleeing the sacred tones would be faithfully kept by memory, they awakened no feeling of sympathy in his selfish heart. "*Come from home!*" He then said to himself angrily, "Isn't she her home?"

"Write to your mother, and ask her to come and make us a visit," replied Mr. Carson.

"Mother has a large family, and many cares. She could not get away for so long a journey."

"And you have cares, and a home where your presence is needed," said the husband. Then he added, in an, Mary, I can see that it is possible now."

"I can go alone."

"Come, Mr. Tyrrell," said her husband, "you must try the effect of your eloquence."

"Upon what subject?"

"A pleasant party."

"Oh, then, I promise to be very eloquent."

"My wife refuses to join it," added Mr. Chalmer, "because I cannot accompany her. You must excuse her out of her capacity."

The speaker led our hero up to the museum on which the ladies were seated. Bowing in the style of an oriental gentleman, they, and you might as well give it up at once."

"Indeed," said Zamora; then, turning to the mortified husband, she added, ironically, "you see how easily you recollect."

Herbert Chalmer began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable, and flung about with his cane.

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FEMALE CORTESHIP.

Two or three looks when your cousin wants a kiss;
Two or three kiss when he begs you may;
Two or three sighs when you color and look shy;
Two or three times you say he offers to go;
Two or three speeches like "Ah, go away!"
Two or three glances you steal a look at him;
Two or three smiles when astray for small chat;
Two or three hours' chatter you can't tell for what;
Two or three letters when vows are forgot;
Two or three times you're seen out with Tom;
Two or three times you're asked why you do;
Two or three sighs to the cross beaux repair;
Two or three times you're asked to be true;
Two or three hours in a corner at ease;
Two or three times you're asked to be his;
Two or three glances that intimate hope;
Two or three times before you are sure;
Two or three flutterings in his lynx prize to;
Two or three times you're asked to be mine;
Two or three times you're asked to be his;
Two or three sparrows when the bride's grass sown;
Two or three times you're asked to be true;
Two or three curtains when marriage is over;
Two or three times you're asked to be his;
Two or three steps to the bridal house run,
Two or three times you're asked to be one.

LOVING AND PATIENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"A faithful wife, a tender mother, a true friend, the life of our departed sister was beautiful. She had trial, pain, suffering, but she was patient, and but there was this difference between our sister and ourselves—in her trials, pains and sufferings, she was always loving and patient."

And with these words, the minister closed his eulogy. His voice was unbroken, and there was a low murmur of feeling in its tones. He had known this faithful wife, this tender mother, this true friend well, and therefore he had uttered no mere conventional words in his eulogy, standing by the grave around which were gathered the weeping mourners.

"Loving and patient," said one to another, as they walked slowly amid the flower-covered tombstones, on their way out from the cemetery. "Yes, she was all that—few so loving, few so patient."

"And few with more need of patience," was replied. "They speak of home martyrs sometimes. I think she was one. The loving heart, when disturbed where wisdom should have been the guide to action, is often wounded to the very core, and the wounds, though they may not be seen, are felt all the more keenly."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Mr. Carson was an unkind man."

He did not treat her with the brutality of an ignorant French peasant, but, for all that, he is none the less guilty of having diminished, for years, the period of her earthly existence."

"Then it was an unkind marriage," said the other.

"A cold way of speaking truth," answered the friend. "Yet it was I think, wholly unconscious on the part of the husband that he was unkind to her. He was attracted by the beauty of Lillian, her as he would have been with any woman. She ministered to his selfish pleasures, and was, as we have just seen, both loving and patient. It was right, so far as his enjoyments were concerned; as a child, I think, he loved her, and would have died for the heart. But it is over now, and she sleeps well."

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spite of her efforts to repress them, and now a few drops fell upon over her cheeks.

"Don't think of that for a moment. I am particularly opposed to these traveling alone. I don't think it is all safe. And then, the baby is very little to be certain to take cold, and might contract a fatal disease."

"Baby is only three months old——"

"It's no congealing the matter," said Mr. Carson, with considerable impatience of manner. "Baby can't go, and you might as well give it up at once."

Indeed," said Zamora; then, turning to the mortified husband, she added, ironically, "you see how easily you recollect."

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Tears came hastily to the soft brown eyes of the young wife.

"I have not seen my mother since I came from home."

Down, down through years came to Mr. Carson the voice of his wife, as it trembled with its sorrow. Not a single shade of its tender sadness was gone. And he, in his pride, his coldness, had searched into all its meanings. But when fleeing the sacred tones would be faithfully kept by memory, they awakened no feeling of sympathy in his selfish heart. "*Come from home!*" He then said to himself angrily, "Isn't she her home?"

"Write to your mother, and ask her to come and make us a visit," replied Mr. Carson.

"Mother has a large family, and many cares. She could not get away for so long a journey."

"And you have cares, and a home where your presence is needed," said the husband. Then he added, in an, Mary, I can see that it is possible now."

"I can go alone."

Tears had kept gathering in

AGE AND YOUTH.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME

Once upon a time there were two girls, old as very old, that she was held and toothless; her head was like the snow-capped hill; she could not see very well with her spectacles, and the end of her nose and her chin met; she was grown into by half than she once had been; and as for her garments, that she would have thought she had been crooked all the days of her life. A furry thing, also, had been given to birth, came up to her and said, "Will you grow young again?" "Will I grow young again?" replied the queen: "I would willingly give all my jewels, so that I could be young again." "If you will," said the furry thing, "I will grow you young again, and you shall have your youth back again." "Do it, then," replied the fairy, "and somebody cut, to be young again, and they grew young again, and their hair, and vigor you shall take: On whom shall we bestow your hundred years?" The queen had a favorite daughter, her companion, who would be old, to make her become young again. At first she refused, but the other, who was a spoiled child, at last meant content you, who are but a poor country queen." It will not be content," said the favorite; "I will have all or none: for reign your kingdom, and I will be queen of the whole country." "Be it so, then, said the fairy, "I will keep your hundred years, and you shall have your youth back again." "But should I content to it," cried the queen, "I shall be old without a daughter!" "You would do as I do," replied the girl; "you would be young, and dance," she said; and immediately fell to laughing, and singing, and dancing. The queen was not far from being able to do such a thing, asked her, "How she would behave herself in her station? you are neither used to be old, nor to be young." "Do as I do," answered Zamora; "if I would gladly try, for I have always heard that it is very fine thing to be a queen."

Whilst they were thus discoursing, the fairy stood by, and said, "Behold! Will you give yourself apprentice to the business at an old queen, to see how you like it?" "With all my heart," said the girl. Then immediately wrinkles covered her forehead, her hair grew white, and her temper became peevish and capricious, her head shook, her teeth dropped out, and she already appeared a woman of a hundred years old. The queen, on the little box and took out of it a crowd of officers and courtiers, richly clad, and who grew up as fast as they came out, and paid their duties to the new queen. A feast is served up on the table, but she had not the strength; she cannot chew, she is ashamed and astonished, she knows not what to say or do, and for the first day to shake her head. The queen grew old again, and Zamora young. Scarce had she found herself young, when she repented of it; and in vain, for the fairy ordered that they should restore to the queen her white dress, and that the queen daily wept; scarce did she ever feel the heat and the cold, and the fairy, "Behold, my daughter, now, I should live in a thatched hut, upon chestnuts perhaps; but then I should dance with the shepherds, and the study alone, by the sound of the flute. Of what use is a dowry bad to me, since I have no need of it? Nor can I dance around the sausage pay palace?" Fretting added to her sickness, and the young Zamora, who perpetually grew rounded her, increased, and at the end of two months she died. Damaris was dancing with the greatest composure, upon the banks of a crystal stream, when the news of the queen's death was brought; she was sensible that she had more great fortune in losing than wisdom in choosing the queen.

Some time after, the fairy came to Damaris, and gave her a husband, young handsome, rich, well bred, genial, disagreeable, jealous, and cruel; but rich, powerful, and a lord, who neither slight nor could be driven out of his sight. The husband, a lord, who neither slight nor could be driven out of his sight. The second, handsome, genial, lovely, good-humored, and of a noble origin; but poor, and unfortunate in all his undertakings. The last a peasant, like herself, neither handsome nor ugly; who would love her, but not be overfond; and who would be neither rich nor poor. The girl knew not which of the three to choose, for she naturally loved fine clothes, equipage, and titles; but the fairy said, "Go, you are a fool; do you see that shepherd, he is your man; the first would be too fond of you, and you would love the second too well, so that you would be miserable with either of them; he solidified that the third won't bear you. You have a better dance upon the grass and tart than in a palace, and be plain Damaris in the country than a great unhappy lady; do not long after greatness, and you will live happily all your lifetime with your shepherd."

ANTIPATHIES AND FEARS.

It is a difficult matter to account for the dislike that some persons have been known to entertain for the things which are pleasing to themselves, and generally admired, yet many are the instances upon record of the most unreasonable antipathies. So deeply rooted are these antipathies, that no exertion of the mind is ever capable of eradicating them. Of this we have a striking instance in the brave Marquis de la Roche Jacquelin, who, though he stood undaunted in the field of slaughter, yet could never help trembling and turning pale, at the sight of the harmless squirrel. He was the first to laugh at his own weakness, but his utmost efforts were never able to overcome this involuntary terror. Charming as the rose is to most people, it was to the great Linnæus an insufferable odor. Scaliger could not endure the sight of a toad, and the courageous disposition, who could not see a dog, a cat, or even a mouse, without manifesting shocking apprehension, and being seized with convulsions. Erasmus, the learned, the liberal, the physical point of view, aversion to individuals of the finny tribe, and, what is more remarkable, never once seen may detect the most character in their fellow-men, they do not object to his external appearance, but because such an antipathy in, however, mentioned by Wolzithius:—"There was a person of a noble family, who was not able to bear that an old woman should look upon him; and he would instantly faint by force from his supper, to look upon such, that which was the most abominable to him, and he died in death, for he fell down and died on the spot." The same author relates another of the various phenomena of nature are less unaccountable. Thunder and lightning are often greatly dreaded. Augustus Cæsar, we are told, in a storm so violent that he carried about him the skin of a calf—then supposed to be a specific against storms and lightning; and during a thunderstorm he sought refuge under ground, in a vault or cellar. According to Sextonius Caligula, who labored under similar apprehensions, used to wear a wreath of bay, as it was supposed to be exempt from lightning.

LOVE.

Love is full of speech, but never more abundant than when it is silent. It is full of sighs and tenderness, mixed with bitter pastime, and a misery tempered with a mysterious delight. It is full of wit when it is dumb, and of joy in the midst of grief. It is full of contradictions, and yet is not divided. It is made up of fears and confidences, and hopes and despairs, and is composed of a thousand follies, and is yet wise. It is a thing alone, and is always in company. It is active and passive, and sometimes busy and sometimes idle. It is infinite in its kind, and yet confined to one object. It is born in a moment, and lives long. It is willful and constant, and yet changes with every object. It is extended and reduced into a point, and dwells in a large room. It is a direct and a reflex act of the understanding. It is a universal and a single affection. It is a direct and a reflex act of the will. It is a natural and an elective appetite. It is a natural and a moral virtue. It is the seed and the fruit. It is the gift of God, and yet it is to be purchased. It is obtained by prayer, and by wishing for. It is a disease, and the cure. It is a direct and a reflex act of the will. It is a natural and an elective appetite. It is a natural and a moral virtue. It is the seed and the fruit. It is the gift of God, and yet it is to be purchased. It is obtained by prayer, and by wishing for. It is a disease, and the cure.

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EARLY RISING.

There is something in the morning air, that, while it defies the penetration of our shallow philosophy, adds brightness to the blood, freshness to life, and vigor to the mind. Who would not be early? Who therefore—if we would have our heart dancing lightly in our bosom, and our step elastic as being merrily like a bird brook—we must be up with the lark. How delightful, while the world is yet young, for the poet and lover of nature to linger by the side of the copse, gushing with the melody of its feathered choir, and inhale the opening flowers as they lift their weak eyes to heaven, drinking in perfume with every breath of the gentle air. Pure love never *was* the face of four; pierces the darkest corners; and attempts the greatest dangers.

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With charm of earliest scenes.

The country is more beautiful in the morning, that it seems rather to belong to the world of dreams, which we have just quitted—to be some paradise, which suffering and care cannot enter, than to form a portion of a busy and anxious world, in which even the very flowers must share in decay and death.

FRIDGEKE OF A HORSE.

The following is the literal translation of the pedigree of an Arabian horse, well known in Nottingham's five years ago:—"In the name of God the merciful! The cause of the present writing is, that we witness that the grey horse *Derrah*, of Behenet Bey, is the first breed of Nedgio horses, whose mother is the grey mare *Hadia ibn famesa*, and whose father is the bay horse *Sidnayan*, of the horses of the *Beshlakak*. We testify on our conscience and fortune, that he is of the breed concerning which the Prophet has said—'the true nurses when they run strike fire; they graud prosperity until the day of judgment.' We have testified what is known; and 'God knows who are true witnesses.'"

THE ROBBER'S WIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"Come with me, thou gentle maid!
Thou canst serve among and make a home
Of your own, with your own husband!
Leave your slumberer's vine-fenced dome,
Leave your hap-hazings, loved one,
'Tis our home!" the robber said.

"Under comes the golden's sun;
For, when men are satisfied, we shall
Day begins with the old dread.
Leave your hap-hazings, loved one, weeping,
And our lot shall be sweet singing;
Come to me, thou gentle maid!
'Tis our home!" the robber said.

To the wood, where shade is night,
Went they in the early morning light.
As they passed, the common wife
Like a murderous joker smiled.
Pointed twice with anxiety grave.
You may reach her present abode,
In the night-mad, know it surely.
The night-wind in the thousand leaves
And whispered underneath the pine;
Sighed the wife, and sighed her bride,
Was a lady's sigh of death!
Sleep thou there, thou robber's wife!"
Said he, clasping his wife.

MY LESSON.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

We were to be married—Isabel Jerrygamine and I. She was my cousin on the father's side, and been my most obliging—a thing at which she often rejoiced. I was rich, but she was poor and also proud. Sometimes a thought struck me that she were marrying me only for my gold, and then I laughed scornfully, and said to myself that I cared little if it was really so; that I could love her, and Isabel was handsome and stately, and would look well at the head of my table, and well at the side of the open; that men would envy me, and that my house would be such as to hardly suit her love—I had outlived many illusions at the age of twenty-nine, and that was one of them.

So matters stood, when my bride elect took a sudden fancy to pay a visit to certain relatives of hers, who were buried somewhere among the mountains of New Hampshire, and of whom she had often spoken to me. New York would have been a desert to me when she was away; yet, I must confess, the streets seemed more full of bachelor friends as pleasant as ever. I wrote to her now and then, and she answered me. Still, formal letters they were, I fancy, on both sides—such as any friend in the country might write to a retired from Mary Parkinson mean ten years before—but then I was older and wiser, and Isabel was a dignified lady, and would look queenly in any lover-like carriage. So the days went on, and August came, and the city grew too hot for comfort. Then, for the first time, it struck me that it would only be polite to visit my betrothed and get acquainted with my future relatives. I sent a letter to announce my coming, and longed for the express, found myself on the evening of the next day in the little village of Lennox.

It was a pretty place. If I had been ten years younger, I should have gone into raptures over it, and, indeed, had I been a boy, instead of a sleepy road that wound past the window of my parlor in the little hotel—as it was, I only looked out against the open casement, and took a long draught of the country air, and lowered my head again to sleep at the thought of Mary Parkinson crowned my mind; and then I turned to the wax-tablet and did justice to the dainties, such as only a New England house-keeper can conceal, who were waiting for me upon there. That important business over, I made a careful toilet, and after receiving directions as to the locality of Mr. Ashley's house, where Isabel was staying, set off to find her.

Out in a field, as I mounted the last hill between me and Mr. Ashley's house, I saw an enormous hay-cart, drawn by oxen, coming slowly up towards the barn. A young girl sat composedly in it, wearing a straw hat and holding a great whip in her hand, which she flourished in the air, as she sang some gay song about the "Farmer's Daughter." Two men walked behind the cart in their shirt-sleeves, with rakes upon their shoulders, and a great black Newfoundland dog was whirling round in clumsy circles, barking till the echoes rang with the sound. I sat down on a stone, and waited and then all. They were far enough from me, yet the air was so still and calm that I could hear and hear them plainly; and something, God knows what! whether it was the lovely scene, or something in the girl's singing, touched my heart! It was as if I had grown young again, and a sweet delight that had been crushing me to the very earth, was suddenly lifted from my shoulders, and I was free.

As I sat thinking, there came a bound and a rustle at my side, and something cold and wet licked and touched my cheek. I looked up. A little water-spaniel, with an inquisitive, knowing face, sat on the side me, wagging his feathery tail, and looking up at me, with his large, dark eyes, as if he would give a great deal to know what was the matter with me. And that was not all. Within ten paces of me stood his mistress—Isabel. Her straw hat hung in pink, and her black hair looked blacker from the contrast with a blossom of the same color which she dropped in the hussy braids. Nothing on her head—a neat figure trimming over her shoulders, and a book in her hand. She had been reading as she walked, and stood, with her finger between the leaves, to mark the place, as she looked at me. And with the flush of my recent emotion upon me, I could not help remarking that she did not blush when she came upon me so unexpectedly—only grew a little pale and set her lips firmly—that was all. I sprang to my feet and went up to her.

"Were you expecting me?" I asked, as I took the hand she extended, and found it lying cold and passive in my own.

"Yes. That is little earlier," she said, quietly. She had come to meet me, then. And as the thought crossed my mind, I looked over the little hand, and pressed it to my lips. It was a little cold, but I had never touched her lips but once in my life. She was so cold and stately as a statue; and the sweet impulse of loyalty that makes us clasp the beloved one in a close embrace, they prompts a thousand kisses showering down upon the warm and yielding lips, never came over me when I was with her. She was my liege lady—she would be my wife—but never my darling. I sighed a little as I thought of this, and looked at her beautiful, composed face, as we walked up the road together, talking of the city, and looked at the farm-house gate.

"Are you alone?" I asked, as I looked in through the shady yard at the low wooden building.

A slight flush rose to her cheek and she looked away from me.

"By no means, Mr. Josephine. My cousin—your cousin, too—Maude Jerrygamine is here with me; and my own cousins, Lucy and William Ashley, are both at home—one from school, the other from college. We are quite gay, I assure you."

But why need her voice falter and her color change as I looked at her. A bounding-steed girl and a college-boy, I cared nothing for them; but Maude Jerrygamine, my second cousin, whom I had heard of in every capital of my own country, and who had danced and flirted through a London season—by, and a Paris season, too—what, in the name of all that was wonderful, was she doing here, in the little farm-house? It was stranger even than finding Isabel there.

Maude was not handsome. At first sight one would have called her plain; and yet, when I thought was, to the end of the chapter, only the glimmer she cast over all eyes prevented this from being soon. She was taller than Isabel, and more slender—quicker in her motions, in her speech, and look. So quick, indeed, that she made me nervous, and I fell back with a feeling of relief on the composure of my bride elect. Maude looked and interested the life out of me—now coming to me in a good and penitent mood, and making herself agreeable in a thousand pretty little ways; and the next moment, perhaps, saying me some trick that drove me wild, and made her laugh till she cried. She never minded ill she had made me thoroughly angry, and then she danced off like a fairy, to seek a fresh victim, while I sought out Isabel, and watched her cold, proud face, and the quiet grace of her movements, and listened to the measured tones of her voice, till I grew calm again. So, with a strange perversity for which I could not account, my love was never quite as cold to me as Maude was even more wild.

I was lying on the grass, beneath the tamarack trees in front of the door, one hot afternoon, when Maude came to through the gate, (she never opened it like any one else, but always climbed over it) towards the house, when she caught sight of me. I was three-fourths asleep, and quite lost consciousness of everything, when some insect crawled along my cheek, and I started up, and looked around me for the cause. No, there it was again, behind my ear, making my head very hot and uncomfortable. It ceased to be a mere insect, and became a monster. I sprang to my feet, and with a strange perversity for which I could not account, my love was never quite as cold to me as Maude was even more wild.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY ALICE CARY.

My God, my God! what way shall I be free
From all my broken plans and promises?
The vessels broken I am answerable for
Is it thy voice within my soul that says,
Touch backward to their last analysis,
All acts of abstinence, or of alms,
All pains, all impulses, all prayers, all tears,
A primal purpose, underlying sin—

Ans by these heavy spikes we nailed Him down—
Through the bone fine of all, through quivering flesh,
Our jealous pride and scorn to hasten not
To perfect reflection of thy will?

If so though I pay my soul to any
Whose claim is prior to my own yet, the price
That each in the court, and makes the price exact
All pride and ghastly with my last white dew;

Why this I know,—a wave of green will swim
Up from my ashes over me, and I
Overlooking that in change I shall be
Still in the sweet sense of Mother Earth,
Who serves me so, when that our bodies rest
Into the grass, and flower of the grass.

We are the mysteries, and He, the key,
And though we wander, and though we err,
Voice of a righteous God, we cannot be
Of all his creeps of love, an unsent lot.

UNEXPECTED EVIDENCE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I once had an adventure," said my friend, "which I think is worth relating; and if you will write it out I'll tell it to you."

"Go ahead," said I, "and, if it suits, the printer shall have it."

"Well—I'll give it to you," he resumed, as he threw his cigar away, and slipped his chair back against the wall. "It may not seem to you to be much of a long an adventure as some, but the train of circumstance connected with it were very curious, and, in my opinion, remarkable. My brother James, who is two years older than myself, had gone out West, intending to settle either in Missouri or Kentucky. He had been gone about three months when I received a letter from him, postmarked at Columbia, Kentucky. He was in jail, and about to be tried for the crime of murder. He had been arrested for murdering a traveler, and the evidence was so strong, and so directly against him, that no lawyer could be found who could give him any hope. He had stopped overnight at a small inn some twenty miles west of Columbia, and in the morning he set out alone on his journey. As he was passing through a wood he was startled by a log by the road-side, and he stopped his horse, and dismounted. He found it was the body of a middle-aged man, who had been killed with a knife, there being several deep wounds upon his breast. The corpse was still warm, and while he was in the act of turning it over, in order to get a better view of the face, he heard a noise in the grounding, and upon looking up he saw two men, who seemed to have come out of the thick woodpath near at hand. He told them how he had found the body, and asked them if they knew the man. But they only shook their heads, and told him that he was doing it very well. At this moment they entered him of having done the deed, and, without further ado, apprehended him, and carried him to the next village, where the matter was complained and gone in their evidence.

"As first my brother looked upon it as rather a light affair, and only considered the delay it would occasion him; but when the examination came he found things looking rather dark. It was proved that the murdered man had stopped at the inn where he stopped, having arrived late in the evening, and started off at daylight in the morning. The two men who had caused his arrest swore, point blank, that they saw him strike the fatal blow, and that he was pulling the murdered man's purse from his pocket as they came up. They told the story with such assurance and straightforward that they were readily believed. And then James could not deny enough. Several of the people had become convinced that he was guilty, and the whole tide was against him.

"As soon as I got this letter I hurried off for Kentucky, hoping that I might be of some assistance to my unfortunate brother; and I am glad to say I was there, if possible, before his trial came on. On the evening of the interview which I had with him in which I had been directed, and had my weary horse put up, I knew that I had a long day's journey's end, but I could go no further that night. After supper I went into the bar-room, where a few of the neighbors had assembled, and from their conversation I soon learned that this was the very house at which my brother had stopped on the night before his arrest, and of course I could not be far from the scene of the murder. So I had made up my mind that I would not reveal my relationship to the prisoner's brother to any one, but had conferred with his lawyer, if he had one—and, as he had come, with one whom I might engage for him. So I pretended to be entirely uninformed upon the subject, and asked what the circumstances were. The men were willing to talk, as my poor brother had stated them, though somewhat lightened in color.

"I felt the public pulse through these men. The prisoner was a Yankee, and a stranger, and the people believed him guilty. The two witnesses who had sworn to the fact of his doing the murder I learned were respected men, though not very valuable citizens. They were hunters and trappers, when hunting and trapping would pay; and sometimes they helped run fat-loads down the Mississippi. Their names were Stephen Cook and Isaac Croft, and they lived not far from the village; and if furthermore learned that they had been down at the inn on that very evening. I was told that the trial would come off in four days, and that the prisoner would surely be convicted.

"When I went to bed that night I felt uneasy. My brother's case seemed serious. Of course I knew that he was innocent. And if that was so, how should it become the fact (even of Stern and Croft)? They must either be mistaken, or they must have sworn falsely. If they had done the latter thing, then they might be more easily met. From what I had seen and heard I judged that they enjoyed the confidence of their fellow men from their convivial and physical qualities than from any exemplary of fixed principles of honor; and I meant to know them better.

"I returned to my room at an early hour, and went to bed. I fell into a doze, but was not destined to enjoy much sleep. I lay pondering upon the fate of my brother for an hour, or so, and then one of my teeth began to ache. I had got some kind of toothache on the day before, and it had settled where such colds were apt to, in my jaw. After suffering till my nerves were all unstrung I got out of bed and dressed myself, for I could not stand it to lie there. I hoped that a turn out of doors might relieve me. I made my way down with as little noise as possible, and gained the street without disturbing any one. The night was calm and clear, and I walked away without noticing or caring whither I went. The village was a small one, the houses being huddled together upon the left bank of the river, as I was not long in getting beyond the line of settlement. I had gone, perhaps, about half a mile beyond the village, and was thinking of turning back, when I heard some one groan as though in pain; and as I stopped to look around the same voice cried out for help. By this time I had discovered from whence the sound came, and upon approaching the spot I found a human being sitting by a stump, apparently in deep agony. I asked him what was the matter, and she said she had been thrown from her horse, and that her ankle was either broken or badly sprained. I stooped down, and found that the right ankle was out of joint, and I knew that the poor woman must be suffering intensely. I had seen a good many joints set, and had helped to perform the operation in some cases; so I told her that I would try to fit her ankle if she was willing. She was anxious that I should help her, and I made the trial. It was a severe job, and she bore the pain like a martyr, and at length had the satisfaction of believing that the bones were all in place. Of course the ankle was much swollen, and very painful, but I bound it up as well I could, and then told the sufferer that I would help her home. She said she lived not far off, and that her horse had probably made his way to his stable, she would gladly accept of my assistance.

"She was not a heavy woman, and as I was pretty powerful man I easily lifted her in my arms, for I knew very well that she could not step. As I bore her along I asked her what was the name of the woman, and she told me Matilda Hare. I then asked if she was married. She said she was—that her husband's name was Matthew Hare; and she asked me if I knew him. I told her no—that I was a stranger in that part of the country, and that I had never been in the village, and said him to see her home, and if he was willing I would call and see her. I was glad to do so, for I thought that I could not find a better opportunity to learn the character of the witnesses.

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"Where is your father?" asked she woman.

"He is dead, and he have only a child, and that's the reply.

"I remarked to the sufferer that she had better have her ankle swathed with wet bandages, the first thing, and then she could wait for her husband. So her daughter got the necessary materials, and I bound the bandages on, and then in a more comfortable condition. After this she sent for her husband, and I told him what had happened to his wife, if he was in the village, and said him to see her. As I was about to leave she asked me my name, and asked me if I was going to Columbia, and where I was.

"And you mean to start early in the morning?" she continued.

"Yes," I told her.

"She hesitated a few moments, and then said—'Well, sir, you have been very kind to me, and I owe you for it; and now I may serve you in turn. Don't travel on this road alone in the morning. If you will wait until you can have company, it will be best.'

"I asked her what she meant—what the danger was. She said that the murdered man's name was Jacob Hare, and that he was her husband's brother. Her daughter got the necessary materials, and I found that the brothers had been on the most friendly terms. After this she went for her husband, and I found that he knew all about the matter